

Notes as an American mom in 2026....

It looks like learning that the baby you're carrying no longer has a heartbeat on a Monday, and being at work virtually later that same day. It's sitting on a Zoom call discussing business strategy while a major life event quietly rearranges the interior of your world. It's knowing you should probably log off, collapse, scream, rest, grieve but instead you unmute at the right moments and keep your camera angled just so.

It doesn't have to look like this, but somehow it does. The convenience, the pressure, the expectations, the way life and work bleed into each other until you can't tell where one ends and the other begins. The way this culture rewards endurance over humanity. It becomes normal even when you know it absolutely isn't.

And being an American mom in 2026 looks like so many other things too.

It looks like holding contradictory feelings at all times: gratitude and exhaustion, pride and fear, love and overwhelm. It's knowing you're strong enough to carry so much but wishing you didn't have to prove it so often.

It looks like wanting to give your children stability while navigating a landscape full of political polarization, rising costs, shrinking childcare options, and the nagging sense that you're building a foundation on shifting ground.

It looks like watching your kids learn to be kind, thoughtful, curious humans and thinking you're doing something right even when you feel like you're drowning.

It looks like finding community, sometimes in unexpected places, friend parents at school drop off, coworkers who just get it and realizing that modern motherhood is too heavy to carry alone.